

may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll.”

Upon the reading of this letter, I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. An appeal so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got into a hansom, and drove straight to Jekyll’s house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter. The tradesmen came while we were yet speaking; and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman’s surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll’s private cabinet is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble and have to do much damage, if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near despair. But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hour’s work, the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked; and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispensing chemist; so that it was plain they were of Jekyll’s private manufacture: and when I opened one of the wrappers I found what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white colour. The phial, to which I next turned my attention, might have been about half full of a blood-red liquor, which was highly pungent to the sense of smell and seemed to me to contain phosphorus and some volatile ether. At the other ingredients I could make no guess. The book was an ordinary version book and contained little but a series of dates. These covered a period of many years, but I observed that the entries ceased nearly a year ago and quite abruptly. Here and there a brief remark was appended to a date, usually no more

than a single word: “double” occurring perhaps six times in a total of several hundred entries; and once very early in the list and followed by several marks of exclamation, “total failure!!!” All this, though it whetted my curiosity, told me little that was definite. Here were a phial of some salt, and the record of a series of experiments that had led to no end of practical usefulness. How could the presence of these articles in my house affect either the honour, the sanity, or the life of my colleague? If his messenger could go to one place, why could he not go to another? And why was this gentleman to be received by me in secret? The more I reflected the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of cerebral disease; and though I dismissed my servants to bed, I loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some posture of self-defence.

Twelve o’clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the **portico**.

“Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?” I asked.

He told me “yes” by a constrained gesture; and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent **debility** of constitution.

This person was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich



and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. There was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

“Have you got it?” he cried. “Have you got it?” And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. “Come, sir,” said I. “You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please.” “I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon,” he replied civilly enough. “I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood ...” He paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—“I understood, a drawer ...”

But here I took pity on my visitor’s suspense.

“There it is, sir,” said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart: I could hear his teeth grate; his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed.

“Compose yourself,” said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud



sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" he asked.

I rose from my place with something of an effort and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly, the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? Will you be guided? Will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and to go forth from your house? Or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant."

"Sir," said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, "you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "And now, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views, you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you who have derided your superiors—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment, I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arms raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

“O God!” I screamed, and “O God!” again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

What he told me in the next hour, I cannot bring my mind to set on paper. I saw what I saw, I heard what I heard, and my soul sickened at it; and yet now when that sight has faded from my eyes, I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer. My life is shaken to its roots; sleep has left me; the deadliest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night; and I feel that my days are numbered, and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous. I will say but one thing, Utterson, and that will be more than enough. The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll’s own confession, known by the name of Hyde and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.

HASTIE LANYON

## Chapter 10

### Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case

I was born in the year 18— to a large fortune, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellowmen, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as has made the happiness of many, but such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high, and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasures; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of me. I regarded and hid my irregularities with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus the nature of my aspirations that made me what I was, and severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature. Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite. Both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines. I, for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both. From an early date, I had learned to dwell on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved

of all that was unbearable. The unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and **penitence** by the hands of evil. It was the curse of mankind that these two were thus bound together. How, then were they dissociated?

I was so far in my reflections when, as I have said, a side light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, the trembling immateriality of this seemingly solid body in which we walk. Certain agents I found to have the power to shake and pluck back that fleshly vestment, even as a wind might toss the curtains of a pavilion. I will not enter deeply into this scientific branch of my confession. Enough then, that I managed to compound a drug by which a second form and countenance was substituted, which bore the stamp of lower elements in my soul.

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I risked death. But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound at last overcame the suggestions of alarm. I had long since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and late one night, I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the **ebullition** had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil. In the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write, was brought there later on and for the very purpose of these transformations. The night however, was far gone into the morning and I determined to venture in my new shape as far as to my bedroom. I crossed the yard, stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no **repugnance**, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are made out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine. Hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature and the face of Henry Jekyll.

That night I had come to the fatal cross-roads. Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, all must have been otherwise, and



from these agonies of death and birth, I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug had no discriminating action; it but shook the doors of the prisonhouse of my disposition. At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that was projected was Edward Hyde. Hence, although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll. The movement was thus wholly toward the worse.

Even at that time, I had not conquered my aversions to the dryness of a life of study. I would still be merrily disposed at times. As I was not only well known and highly considered, but growing towards the elderly man, this incoherency of my life was daily growing more unwelcome. It was on this side that my new power tempted me until I fell in slavery. I had but to drink the cup to assume the identity of Edward Hyde. I smiled at the notion; it seemed to me at the time to be humourous; and I made my preparations with the most studious care. I took and furnished that house in Soho, to which Hyde was tracked by the police; and engaged as a housekeeper a creature whom I knew well to be silent. On the other side, I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have full liberty and power about my house in the square. I next drew up that will to which you so much objected; so that if anything befell me in the person of Dr. Jekyll, I could enter on that of Edward Hyde without loss. And thus fortified, as I supposed, on every side, I began to profit by the strange immunities of my position.

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off all these and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. For me the safely was complete. Think of it—I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror. And there in his stead, quietly at home, trimming the midnight

lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn toward the monstrous. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centered on self, relentless like a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

Into the details of the infamous deeds I have no design of entering. I met with one accident which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more than mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passer-by, whom I recognised the other day as your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to pacify them, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door, and pay them in a cheque drawn in the name of Henry Jekyll. But this danger was easily eliminated from the future, by opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward Hyde himself; and when, by sloping my own hand backward, I had supplied my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the reach of fate.

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognised the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame; something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and dropped back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my

more wakeful moments, my eyes fell upon my hand. Now the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size: it was large, firm, white and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough, in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying on the bedclothes, was lean, knuckly, of a dusky pallor and thickly shaded with a growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, before terror woke up in my breast; and bounding from my bed I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde. How was this to be explained? I asked myself; and then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey down two pairs of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size: had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll had returned to his own shape and was sitting down to breakfast.

Small indeed was my appetite. Because of this inexplicable incident, I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence. It had seemed to me of late as though the body of Edward Hyde had grown in stature. I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, and the character of Edward Hyde become irrevocably mine. The power of the drug had not been always equally displayed. Once, very early in my career, it had totally failed me; since then I had been obliged on more than one occasion to double, and once, with infinite risk of death, to treble the amount. Now I was

led to think that whereas, in the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually transferred itself to the other side. All things therefore seemed to point to this; that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

Between these two, I now felt I had to choose. My two natures had memory in common, but all other faculties were most unequally shared between them. Jekyll (who was composite) now with the most sensitive apprehensions, now with a greedy gusto, projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll. Jekyll had more than a father's interest; Hyde had more than a son's indifference. To cast in my lot with Jekyll, was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper. To cast it in with Hyde, was to die to a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become despised and friendless. The bargain might appear unequal; but there was still another consideration in the scales; for while Jekyll would suffer in the fires of abstinence, Hyde would be not even conscious of all that he had lost.

Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends and cherishing honest hopes; and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, and leaping impulses, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in Soho, nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my determination. For two months, I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience. But time began at last to obliterate the freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow into a thing of course. I began to be tortured with throes and longings, and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious ill. It

must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the civilities of my unhappy victim; I declare, at least, before God, no man morally sane could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling. I ran to the house in Soho, and destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it. The pangs of transformation had not torn him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud. I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me. As the acuteness of this remorse began to die away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Hyde was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and O, how I rejoiced to think of it! With what willing humility I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! With what sincere renunciation I locked the



door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

The next day, came the news that the murder had been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have my better impulses thus **buttressed** and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly, in the last months of the last year, I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and that the days passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I wearied of this beneficent and innocent life. I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality of purpose. And as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that I dreamed of reviving Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy: no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience. And it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

There comes an end to all things; and this brief condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery. It was a fine, clear, January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active good-will with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at that very moment, a **qualm** came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly

shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as the faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer.

My reason wavered, but it did not fail me utterly. I have more than once observed that in my second character, my faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might have succumbed, Hyde rose to the importance of the moment. My drugs were in one of the presses of my cabinet; how was I to reach them? That was the problem that I set myself to solve. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own servants would consign me to the gallows. I saw I must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? How persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way into his presence? And how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, prevail on the famous physician to go through the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll? Then I remembered that of my original character, one part remained to me: I could write my own hand; and once I had conceived that kindling spark, the way that I must follow became lighted up from end to end.

Thereupon, I arranged my clothes as best I could, and summoning a passing hansom, drove to a hotel in Portland Street. At my appearance (which was indeed comical enough, however tragic a fate these garments covered) the driver could not conceal his mirth. I **gnashed** my teeth upon him with a gust of devilish fury; and the smile withered from his face. At the inn, as I entered, I looked about me with so black a countenance as made the attendants tremble; not a look did they exchange in my presence; but politely took my orders, led me to a private room, and brought me wherewithal to write. Hyde in danger of his life was a creature new to me; shaken with inordinate anger, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was astute; mastered his fury with a

great effort of the will; composed his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole; and that he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them out with directions that they should be registered. Thenceforward, he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails; there he dined, sitting alone with his fears, the waiter visibly quailing before his eye. And thence, when the night was fully come, he set forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. He, I say—I cannot say, I. That child of Hell had nothing human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred. And when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he discharged the cab and ventured on foot, attired in his misfitting clothes. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to himself, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight. Once a woman spoke to him, offering, I think, a box of lights. He smote her in the face, and she fled.

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat: I do not know; it was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I looked back upon these hours. A change had come over me. It was no longer the fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me. I received Lanyon's condemnation partly in a dream; it was partly in a dream that I came home to my own house and got into bed. I slept with a stringent and profound slumber which not even the nightmares that wrung me could avail to break. I awoke in the morning shaken, weakened, but refreshed. I still hated and feared the thought of the brute that slept within me. I had not of course forgotten the appalling dangers of the day before; but I was once more at home, in my own house and close to my drugs. Gratitude for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost rivalled the brightness of hope.

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change; and I had but the time to gain the shelter of my cabinet, before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of Hyde. It took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself; and alas! six hours after, as I sat looking

sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the drug had to be re-administered. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort and only under the immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the countenance of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death. Beyond these links of community, he thought of Hyde as something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices. And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of a different order. His terror of the gallows drove him continually to commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of a part instead of a person; but he loathed the necessity, he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll was now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded. Hence the ape-like tricks that he would play me, scrawling in my own hand **blasphemies** on the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father. Indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin. But his love of me is wonderful; I go further: I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall how he

fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

It is useless, and the time awfully fails me, to prolong this description; no one has ever suffered such torments, let that suffice. My punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has finally severed me from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I sent out for a fresh supply and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the first change of colour, not the second; I drank it and it was without efficiency. You will learn from Poole how I have had London ransacked; it was in vain; and I am now persuaded that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which lent effectiveness to the draught.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement under the influence of the last of the old powders. This, then, is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face (now how sadly altered!) in the glass. Nor must I delay too long to bring my writing to an end; for if my narrative has hitherto escaped destruction, it has been by a combination of great prudence and great good luck. Should the throes of change take me in the act of writing it, Hyde will tear it in pieces; but if some time shall have elapsed after I have laid it by, his wonderful selfishness and circumscription to the moment will probably save it once again from the action of his ape-like spite. And indeed the doom that is closing on us both has already changed and crushed him. Half an hour from now, when I shall again and forever reindue that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue to pace up and down this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of menace. Will Hyde die upon the scaffold? Or will he find courage to release himself at the last moment? God knows; I am careless; this is my true hour of death, and what is to follow concerns another than myself. Here then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.



## Word Nest

slouched- sat in a lazy way, often with shoulders and head bent forward

apocryphal- of doubtful authenticity

abominable- extremely unpleasant and causing disgust

haggard- looking very tired

peevishly- in an ill-tempered manner

sedulous- showing great concern and effort

disinterred- dug up

besiegers- people who surround a place for forceful encroachment

lumber- ponderous movement

portico- a roof that is supported by columns

debility- physical weakness

penitence- remorse

ebullition- boiling or bubbling up

repugnance- disgust

buttressed- strengthened

qualm- a feeling of uneasiness

gnashed- to strike or grind together

blasphemies - behaviour or language that insults or shows a lack of respect to God

# Questions

## Multiple Choice Questions (MCQ)

**Choose the correct alternative:**

1. Mr. Utterson is by profession a
  - a) doctor
  - b) postman
  - c) lawyer
  - d) Chemist
2. Mr. Utterson called the place with the door
  - a) Green House
  - b) Victorian House
  - c) Gothic House
  - d) Black mail House
3. Mr. Utterson and Dr. Lanyon were
  - a) business associates
  - b) old school and college mates
  - c) close relatives
  - d) neighbours who did not get along with each other
4. Mr. Hyde would inherit Dr. Jekyll's possessions if the latter was to be absent for
  - a) three months
  - b) three years
  - c) one leap year
  - d) three decades

5. Dr. Jekyll was
  - a) an old man of ninety
  - b) a young man of twenty
  - c) a smooth-faced man of fifty
  - d) a rough-faced man of forty
6. The weapon used by Mr. Hyde to murder Sir Danvers Carew was a
  - a) sword
  - b) stick
  - c) stone
  - d) gun
7. The colour of the cheque book that Inspector Newcomen found in Mr. Hyde's house was
  - a) black
  - b) blue
  - c) green
  - d) red
8. The Carew murder weapon was recognized by Mr. Utterson to belong to
  - a) Dr. Jekyll
  - b) Mr. Hyde
  - c) Dr. Lanyon
  - d) Mr. Enfield
9. Mr. Guest was Mr. Utterson's
  - a) head clerk
  - b) nephew
  - c) doctor
  - d) old friend

10. Mr. Guest was an expert in
  - a) medicine
  - b) banking
  - c) painting
  - d) handwriting
11. Dr. Jekyll had a bitter quarrel with
  - a) Poole
  - b) Mr. Utterson
  - c) Dr. Lanyon
  - d) Danvers Carew
12. When Poole took Mr. Utterson to the closed door of Dr. Jekyll's room, the lawyer found the friend's voice to be
  - a) melodious
  - b) changed
  - c) the same
  - d) sleepy
13. Bradshaw was
  - a) Dr. Jekyll's footman
  - b) Dr. Jekyll's butler
  - c) Mr. Utterson's secretary
  - d) Dr. Lanyon's patient
14. When the lawyer and the butler broke into Dr. Jekyll's room, they found
  - a) Bradshaw
  - b) Mr. Enfield
  - c) the maid
  - d) Mr. Hyde

15. The new deed of gift which the lawyer discovered upon Dr. Jekyll's desk was made out in the name of
- a) Poole
  - b) Inspector Newcomen
  - c) Dr. Lanyon
  - d) Mr. Utterson
16. To break open into Jekyll's room Dr. Lanyon took the help of
- a) a carpenter and a blacksmith
  - b) a lawyer and a physician
  - c) an inspector and two constables
  - d) a blacksmith and a maid
17. The press mentioned in Dr. Jekyll's letter to Dr. Lanyon was marked
- a) A
  - b) B
  - c) C
  - d) E
18. When the knocker sounded on his door, Dr. Lanyon went on and found
- a) a cat in the rain
  - b) a small man crouching against the pillars
  - c) a bleary eyed policeman
  - d) a dog with wet furs
19. Dr. Jekyll's scientific enquiries led him to recognize
- a) the lazy nature of human beings
  - b) the great intellect of man
  - c) the primitive duality of man
  - d) the inquisitive spirit of human beings



20. Dr. Jekyll's hand was
- a) firm, white and comely
  - b) dusky and shaded with a hair growth
  - c) long and thin
  - d) lean and feeble

### **Very Short Answer Type Questions (VSAQ)**

**Answer the following questions within ten words:**

- 1. Who was Mr. Richard Enfield?
- 2. What amount of money in cheque did Mr. Hyde offer the girl's family?
- 3. According to Dr. Jekyll's will, who would inherit his possessions after his demise?
- 4. Where did Dr. Lanyon live?
- 5. Why did Mr. Utterson stay back after Dr. Jekyll had given one of his pleasant dinners to his friends?
- 6. Who answered the door when Mr. Utterson and the Inspector visited Mr. Hyde's house?
- 7. Why did Mr. Utterson suppose the good picture that hung on Mr. Hyde's house wall to be a gift from Dr. Jekyll?
- 8. To whom was the envelope found upon Sir Carew addressed to?
- 9. What was Dr. Jekyll's reaction to the news of the murder of Danvers Carew?
- 10. Why was Mr. Utterson's fears renewed when he heard that Mr. Hyde had received no letter by post?
- 11. Why was a public reward offered for finding the murderers of Sir Danvers?

12. What did the swift physical decay of Dr. Lanyon indicate to Mr. Utterson?
13. Why did Mr. Utterson not open the letter addressed to him by Dr. Lanyon immediately after the latter's death?
14. Why did Mr. Utterson advise Dr. Jekyll to come out and have a walk in the open air with him and Mr. Enfield?
15. Why did Poole come to visit Mr. Utterson?
16. What did the sound of weeping seem as if it came from behind the closed doors of Dr. Jekyll's room?
17. Why was Poole repeatedly sent by his master to chemist's shops all over in London?
18. Why was Dr. Lanyon surprised to receive a written correspondence from his colleague Dr. Jekyll?
19. Towards the end of his experiments which one of his two identities began to overwhelm Dr. Jekyll more?
20. Why did Dr. Jekyll decide to end his own life?

### **Short Descriptive Answer Type Questions (SDAQ)**

**Answer the following questions within one hundred words:**

1. Why did Mr. Enfield think that the cheque was forged?
2. What was Mr. Enfield's impression of the man named Hyde?
3. What information about Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde did the lawyer gather from his friend, Dr. Lanyon?
4. What observations did Mr. Utterson make upon Mr. Hyde's physical appearance, encountering him for the first time?
5. How did Dr. Jekyll react when Mr. Utterson expressed his disapproval of Mr. Hyde?

6. What horror did the maid notice from the window on October night?
7. In what condition did the Inspector find Mr. Hyde's room in Soho?
8. What was Mr. Guest's impression of Mr. Hyde's handwriting?
9. What was the content of the letter which Dr. Jekyll claimed to have received from Mr. Hyde and what was its effect upon Mr. Utterson?
10. What did Dr. Jekyll's laboratory look like?
11. What sudden change did Mr. Utterson notice in Dr. Lanyon when the former went to dine with him?
12. What happened to Dr. Jekyll when Mr. Hyde had disappeared after the murder of Sir Danvers Carew?
13. How did Mr. Utterson and the butler break into Dr. Jekyll's room?
14. What did the second enclosure from Dr. Jekyll inform Mr. Utterson?
15. What explanation did Mr. Utterson initially offer Poole for the changes that had occurred in Poole's master?
16. What instruction did Dr. Jekyll's letter contain for Dr. Lanyon?
17. What were the contents of the press which Dr. Lanyon opened upon instructions from Dr. Jekyll?
18. What happened to the man sent by Dr. Jekyll to Dr. Lanyon when he took the chemical compound?
19. What led Dr. Jekyll to discover a drug that splits a man's identity into two characters?
20. What was the immediate effect of the drug upon Dr. Jekyll when he consumed it for the first time?

